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THE CARMELITE

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ON PAPER WINGS

by... FREDERICK O'BRIEN

I was with the Japanese army fighting the Russian army. I marched with them. They had an obsession of patriotism which made the soldiers prefer death to life. The Russians did not have it. But now, the Bolsheviki train their hundreds of thousands, or millions, of soldiers to spurn death for Bolshevism. As Napoleon once crazed the French peasants and made them die by millions in his private wars, so Lenin, dead, rules the masses of Russia. In America youth may be military-minded, but the thinking man who was in the late unpleasantness, says "No war for him." Almost all my friends were in the Great War; all say it was a fraud on them.

A new law in Mexico makes wages the same for men and women, for the same work. Mexico leads all America in art. It has gleams of leadership in humanity.

Al Smith is top Democrat still. But his Empire building, with a first mortgage of twenty-seven millions dollars, will make him very capitalistic, conservative, bankerish. Al, as a neighborhood man, Sidewalker-N'Yawker, has passed out of the picture. His party suffers, partly from a diet of Ras*cobs*, with too little real corn for as big an ass as the Democratic donkey is.

"Go on an occasional toot!" if you want to keep healthy. Dr. Frank Lahey, Boston nerve specialist, told a physicians' convention. It's all right, Doc, but will the wives agree?

Television will not be interesting to the householder for some years. It is still very fuzzy.

A hundred thousand hideous signs make ugly our highways in California, and hide the landscape. Business ceases to believe in their pulling power now, so they are falling. Traders will kill their goose by radio, too; lying, ceaseless, air puffs weary listeners.

In San Francico, within fifteen years, divorces and marriages will be equal in number, says the statistics recorder. Well, that's the limit. There never could be more divorces than marriages, in the long run. *Continued on page six*

THE NEAH-KAH-NIE STRING QUARTET, TO BE PRESENTED BY THE CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY NEXT MONDAY EVENING AT THE CARMEL THEATRE AS THE SECOND CONCERT OF THE 1931-32 SERIES. THE QUARTET: SUSIE PIPES, FIRST VIOLIN; HUBERT SORENSON, SECOND VIOLIN; ABRAHAM WEISS, VIOLA; MICHEL PENHA, VIOLONCELLO. [PHOTOGRAPH: ROGER STURTEVANT

Carmel News

COUNCIL MEETING

Plans for a general street improvement project, sponsored by the Committee of Seven, were submitted to the City Council in regular meeting last night. Detailed consideration was post-poned until February seventeenth when an adjourned meeting will be devoted to study of the plans prepared by George Seideneck and Lee Gottfried.

Mr. George Wood, former Councilman, requested information relative to the Council's financial plans in connection with the project. Mayor Heron replied that no definite cost estimates had been prepared and no financial program mapped. Special assessments appeared to be indicated if the plan carried, City Attorney Campbell stating that a bond issue was legally out of the picture unless the proposed improvements included the business district.

Mr. Wood disapproved of proceeding without a financial set-up, protested against special assessments, stated he would favor the matter going to a vote on a bond issue. He criticized the Council's fiscal policy, charged that expenditures had exceeded income, and that the Council had last year increased assessed valuations. J. A. Coughlin entered the conversation to state that, as a matter of record, the Council of which Mr. Wood was a member had presented its successor (the present Council) with a deficit, now reduced. As to increased valuations, the total was roughly seventy thousand dollars, accounted for by new buildings, and levied by Assessor Saidee Van Brower in the ordinary course of her duties without intervention of the Council. Mr. Wood was asked what relation this natural increase bore to a schedule of increases which he proposed while a member of the board. (Mr. Wood, as one of a committee appointed at his own request, sponsored a proposal to levy increases ranging from one hundred per cent. in some parts of the business district to twenty-five per cent. or lower in the outlying residential districts. The recommendations were submitted by Mr. Wood after the expiration of his term.—Ed.) "But," replied Mr. Wood, "my plan was not accepted."

* * *

There was renewed discussion last night of the proposed fire hazard ordinance which Fire Chief Robert Leidig has been advocating before the Council and its predecessors for the past five years. City Attorney Campbell was asked to consult with Fire Chief Leidig in revamping the California model ordinance to suit local conditions. A difference of opinion was in evidence on the Council in regard to the sale of fireworks, which would come within the purview of the ordinance. The suggestion was made that the sale of firecrackers be placed in charge of the fire departmnt, sales to be made at the beach only on Fourth of July evening, and profits to go to the volunteer firemen's social fund. Carmel is alone among the Peninsula towns in permitting the sale of fireworks.

The following letter was addressed to the Council by the Monterey Society of Architects, C. J. Ryland, president:

"The 'Monterey Society of Architects' wishes to congratulate the Honorable Mayor and the members of the City Council for their efforts in maintaining the individuality of Carmel.

"We are particularly interested in the stand you take regarding curved streets.

"We feel that there are a great number of factions, mainly from the outside, working unconsciously to relieve Carmel of its charm and this body wishes to lend its assistance in every way possible in the effort to maintain Carmel as we know it."

NOVELIST TO LECTURE

Ruth Comfort Mitchell, novelist, will speak at a lecture-dinner, given by the Monterey Peninsula Business and Professional Woman's Club, Tuesday evening, at seven o'clock, in the San Carlos Hotel, Monterey.

Miss Mitchell (Mrs. Sanborn Young) is state chairman of International Relations, California League of Business and Professional Women. Last July she was the organization's state delegate at Vienna; later a member of the "Good-Will Tour" in Geneva. Her lecture will cover these trips.

An invitation is extended to all women who wish to attend. The charge is one dollar. Reservations through hotel or Mrs. Strohm, telephone 1090.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Plans are proceeding for the observance in Carmel of the two hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth.

Pupils of Sunset School will present a five-act costume play in the auditorium on Friday evening, February nineteenth. On the following Sunday there will be a commemorative service in the Community Church. The annual kite-flying festival will be held on the twenty-second.

Serving on the general committee are O. W. Bardarson, chairman; Mrs. E. L. Taylor, Donald Hale, J. E. Abernathy, and W. L. Overstreet.

HIGHWAY ACCIDENT

Miss Eunice Gray was involved in a collision with a motor truck Tuesday night between San Jose and Palo Alto. First reports fortunately exaggerated the seriousness of the accident. Miss Gray's friends were relieved to learn yesterday that she had escaped with a few minor bruises although her car was badly damaged. She was taken to the home of her sister in Palo Alto and will be able to return to Carmel this week.

SCHOOL ELECTION

Dr. Ferdinand Haasis, associate on the staff of the Carnegie Laboratory, is offering his services to the community as a candidate for the vacancy on the Sunset School Board created by the expiration of Mr. Frederic Bigland's term. The election will be held next month.

THE CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY
PRESENTS FOR ITS SECOND CONCERT
OF THE 1931-32 SERIES
THE NEAH-KAH-NIE
STRING QUARTET
ASSISTED BY
E. ROBERT SCHMITZ, PIANIST
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8—AT 8:30
CARMEL THEATRE —— OCEAN AVENUE

PROGRAM

Beethoven ——— Op. 18, No. 5
Allegro
Menuetto
Andante cantabile (variations)
Allegro

Gliere ——— Andante

Ernest Bloch ——— Three Short Pieces
Night
(From "Landscapes"):
Alpestre
Tongataboo

Cesar Franck ——— Quintet
Molto moderato quasi lento—
Allegro
Lento con molto sentimento
Allegro non troppo, ma con fuoco

TYLER BOOK SHOP
NOW OPEN
IN CARMEL

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Dolores Street
Opposite P.O.

ELLA WINTER

DISCUSSES RUSSIA

(whence she returned last month)

"I'm sick of hearing about Russia. Everthing you hear seems to contradict everything else and no one seems to be able to give you actual facts."

This complaint is heard fairly often these days and it is no surprise to the returned traveller from Russia.

It seems to me nothing that is said about Russia by enthusiastic friend or bitter foe is untrue; however much facts differ, they have all some basis in truth; only when interpretations are given, or opinions dictated by prejudice, or the tourist is asked to predict the future do the statements become unwarrantable and the facts distorted.

If a two weeks' visitor to America were asked for instance, "Will America succeed?" what could he answer? Yet that is the first question one is asked when returning from Russia. "Will it succeed?" One might answer this question with equal truth all the way from enthusiastic assertion that it is already a success to the remark of the man in the Moscow play: "Butter and sugar and other relics of the old regime."

If the questioner means "Will the Five-Year Plan succeed?" no one can really answer that either. Some of the Five Year Plan has already been fulfilled, in other industries the program is behind. But the whole Plan is not and never was more than an ideal to be aimed at in industrial development. Very much as if one asked a horse to jump a five-foot pole hoping he would thereby clear three feet. And Russians, more than horses, need a plan and an objective to spur them on. They always have needed that kind of stimulation—not so very unlike the rest of us.

* * *

There is another brand of questions about Russia which is harder to deal with. The American tourist comes over, sees certain phenomena, compares them with what he knows or believes he knows about his own country and then proceeds to judge, condemn or eulogise Russia. He does not take the trouble to to find out how those same conditions were in Russia beforehand, and, worse still, he does not really know what goes on in his own country. He knows the flag-waggers and the demagogues, let us say, but has no glimmering of the America that Upton Sinclair, for instance, has been describing for thirty years, or John dos Passos, or Theodore Dreiser. He does not know what any police court reporter knows about the conditions in our jails, or what goes on between prisoners or police; nor what the average psychiatrist knows about what goes on in the average state hospital; nor how the artist has to struggle—or "prostitute his art" to earn the pence to live. Then when he sees that one may not speak against the fundamental principle of Communism in Russia, this tourist compares this with the "Freedom" in America where one can say and do what one likes and get off scot free. The American Communists in Russia who have been deported, or visitors like Count Karolyi who were not allowed to enter the United States are enough testimony to the contrary, were this particular brand of tourist out to gather factual testimony.

Many visitors have not the faintest glimmering of what the Revolution of 1917 set out to achieve. One beautiful blonde young journalist came to me—straight from the Roumanian Court of King Carol and, wrinkling her nose, said disgustedly: "But Ella, they look so poor! They wear such dreadful clothes! They are so ugly!"

"Ever go down the East Side in New York?" I asked.

She had no conception of the fact that Russia has set out to free the workers from what they considered to be the exploitation and tyranny of the owning classes—the landlords, the nobility, the rich peasants, the big industrialists.

In a country that has deliberately set out to abolish all classes but the working class it is not so strange that there are almost only workingmen and women around and that they do not look like Park Avenue. Anymore than it is any use complaining that their standards of health and sanitation are not higher than they are. A nation that is pulling itself up by the bootstraps from a filth and degradation unimaginable by anyone brought up in America, can hardly be expected to be springing Ritz-Tower plumbing fixtures.

It is remarkable enough that there are hundreds of thousands of bathrooms and that millions of people who never had a bath in their lives are clamoring for a bath at least once in five days.

* * *

Then, many times I am asked "Would you like to live there?" I have never had a chance to even think whether I would or not, for I know that my answer would not answer the questioner. What he means, "Would I, living in Park Avenue, or on Ocean Avenue, Carmel, like to live there?" And the answer to

——— *continued on page four*

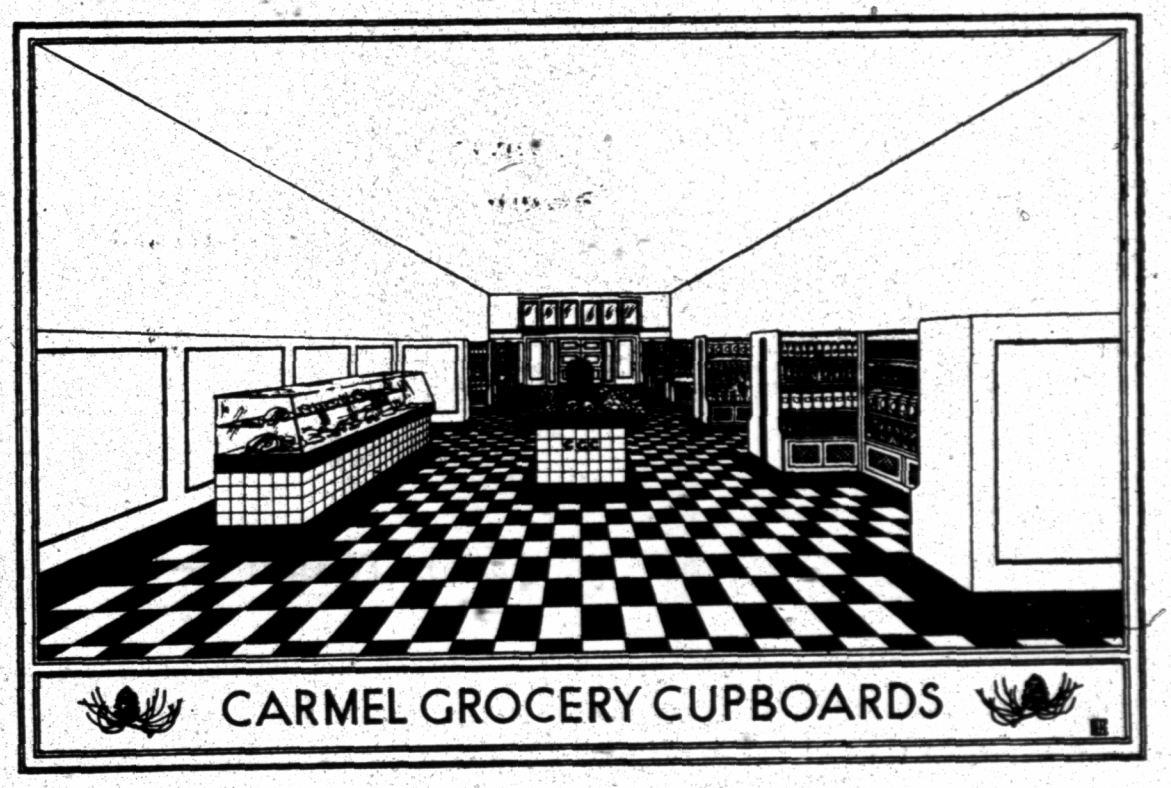
A GENUINE EXPRESSION OF COMMUNITY COOPERATION

Carmel Grocery Cupboards Inc.

will open about **April 10**

Building under construction at Mission and Ocean

HOWARD BROOKS
E. FAE MILLER
ROBERT PARROTT
PETER MAWDSLEY



ELLA WINTER *from page three*

that question involves a detailed knowledge of the questioner's psychology. Most people used to our standards of material comfort would not dream of living in Russia. A number of rich Harvard graduates whom I met there went for a month or two and stayed years. One young woman who owned a mansion in New York lives there permanently and would not go back to America for anything. She speaks of "My darling uncomfortable Moscow." To those whom something else is of more importance than creature comforts Moscow might be a soul-saver. To many American engineers to whom it meant a self-imposed exile for the sake of the dollars to be earned it was temporary hell. To others who loved their job and entered into the terrific fight of this "the good life" for hundreds of millions it meant a romance they had never dreamed existed. If the characters of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" were as childlike and illiterate people to create bored with their lives as their author made it seem, they might willingly have exchanged those lives for the drab dismal, distressing surroundings of a Russian town—and its sense of romance and high adventure.

But the hardest thing to remember about Soviet Russia is that Communism there is not a finished state to be finally judged and disposed of today. The country is in a process of growing and becoming, and no one knows better than the Russian authorities how many "unsocialistic" features still remain, and how many problems and unsolved questions confront them. Almost every question of national life is debated and discussed endlessly. The question of whether there was to be a subway in Moscow was debated for six years. The problem of "What is Marriage" was hammered at for a year by every man, woman and child who cared to utter an opinion from the furthest corner of the darkest Republic where women go veiled and are knifed on sight for the least sign of Western freedom, to the homes of the doctrinaire Revolutionist in Leningrad or Moscow. (In the end no decision was arrived at.)

* * *

In this atmosphere it is important to know that at the present moment the Bolsheviks are not interested in liberty of speech, of meeting, of the press. They are intent on achieving something else as I am when I send my small boy to the dentist and the dentist holds him while he pulls a tooth. At that moment the child can hardly be said to have liberty. But is anyone worried by this "tyranny?" The Soviet Government is not interested in giving superficial liberty while leaving an economic inequality underneath which makes all talk of liberty foolish. The Soviets are interested *in laying the economic foundations* which will make real liberty possible. And the World Revolution is to bring that same liberty to all the workers all the world ovr.

THEATRICAL PRODUCTION FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Galt Bell, local director, will present the old melodrama, "The Drunkard," in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on February nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first. The cast has been selected from talented players on the Peninsula. Costumes, scenery and the spirit of the nineties will appear in the production with all of the dignity of that period. The Gallery will resemble the old theatrical setting which travelling troupes used in barn-storming days.

ROSE FLORENCE COMING

Rose Florence, mezzo-contralto, who sings in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday evening, February thirteenth, is a distinguished example of the type of singer who interests and moves her audience by qualities which transcend the vocal medium.

Beauty of tone, smoothness, grace, taste, "suavity of flow"—all these she has, and with them, uttered by a voice that is rich and warmly lovely, is a natural understanding that conveys itself to the audience and removes the barrier between the stage and the audience. The New York "World" wrote of Rose Florence that she is an excellent singer —not simply a vocalist who conducts a voice smoothly from one good tone to another to please an ear, but also an artist who communicates feeling as naturally as if singing were a usual manner of communication."

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

1931-32 SERIES

FIFTH SEASON — SECOND CONCERT

NEAH-KAH-NIE STRING QUARTET

WITH E. ROBERT SCHMITZ PIANIST, AS GUEST ARTIST

CARMEL THEATRE OCEAN AVENUE MON. EVE., FEB. 8 AT 8:30

March 22 (Tuesday) — MYRA HESS
ENGLISH PIANIST, CARMEL THEATRE

April 5 (Tuesday) — KREUTZBERG AND COMPANY
GERMAN DANCERS
SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

FOR TICKETS PHONE MRS. PAUL FLANDERS, CARMEL 22, OR DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY, CARMEL 62—SEAT SALE NOW OPEN AT DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY 11 TO 5 DAILY.

BY-PRODUCTS

ORRICK JOHNS

No use trying to find the guilty party in the Asiatic melee. What we are witnessing, Messieurs and Mesdames, is the breaking down of the world capitalistic system. The war begins between Japan and China. It will end between Communist and Capitalist.

The charm, the fine presence, the undeniable sorrows of Countess Tolstoy won her many friends, even adorers. But what does her message—splendidly reported by Miss Childe—amount to? Merely this: Because the Tolstoy family are not wielding the new power, then that power must be wholly bad. And she would be more sincere if she dropped her title, which is not a reality either in this country or in her own. But those who are using her prestige to help destoy a valuable social experiment, know that the title has a narcotic force of persuasion.

MARGARET SANGER—

It was announced the other day that exile of five million eswyœ etaoin taoi Margaret Sanger was advocating the exile of five million "mental and moral degenerates" to Federal farms, "where they would be under control of competent agiculturists." In the same article, she is said to favor "eliminating inhabitants of those countries whose subjects have been difficult to assimilate."

These words are "difficult to assimilate" with the great Margaret Sanger we once knew. Dealing with an allegedly "dangerous element" by segregration and exile, in figures that run to five million is itself an exceedingly dangerous business. That would mean that about one in twenty-five persons is dangerous morally and mentally. As the majority of the people "observed" would be adults, it would bring up the percentage of unfit or defective adults to a fearful figure.

And who is to decide which of us are fit subjects for agricultural exile? Which of the races of the world are fit subjects to be declared unassimilable pariahs? The United States has found it not impossible to assimilate Negroes. I have not the figures at hand, but an enormous number of Negroes in the United States are one-quarter, one-half or three-quarters white. This has come about, we all know, without benefit of marriage, but Nature when she sets out to assimilate races, does not wait for legal sanction. More than this, our arts, our speech, our music are also part Negro.

Are the judges to decide these delicate and scientific questions? Is it up to Congress? But there is evidence constantly that neither Congress nor the judicial bench are free from defectives. If scientists are to settle the point, let us have more evidence first of disinterested, unsubsidized scientific brains.

The news item I have referred to was brief and did not explain. Until we hear A Margaret Sanger's actual words, I for one will refuse to believe that she is advocating schemes tainted by the philosophy of the master class. How very useful such a scheme would be just now! Draw off five million of the unemployed, thus ending the scandal of unemployment, tax the employed workers to take care of them, on the farms give the government a new bootleg bureaucracy to administer, and that's that. The likehood is that brains would immediately become bootleg, because exceptional mental capacity, in this country, frequently has the air of insanity. Exceptional mental or moral courage always has; it is pursued with more vindictiveness than crime.

The Margaret Sanger we knew was a beautiful indomitable person, inspired by an idea for breaking some of the self-made fetters of humanity, who stood alone in her fight for years. Today it is hard to realize what it meant for a woman to advocate contraceptives fifteen or twenty years ago. I first met her in New York where she lived with her sculptor husband, Bill Sanger, and her two small children. With all her lectures, her writings, her enormous correspondence, she was a skillful mother to those kids.

This Margaret Sanger of the old days, if someone had proposed to her the plans which she is now reported to be advocating, would instantly have replied: "Clean up your social system, give fathers a living wage, have fewer children, tear down your tenements, give the kids plenty of air, and plenty of truth in their teaching—then you will see what becomes of degeneracy and mental defectives."

In 1916 Margaret Sanger came to a large middle western city, where I was living for a time. Her purpose was to give a lecture before the City Club, which was our equivalent of Rotary, though it does seem to me in retrospect that this City Club was on a somewhat higher plane of liberalty and culture. At any rate the young men of the City Club had the guts to ask Margeret Sanger to address them on one of the most unpopular subjects then possible to imagine.

If I have retained any image of the power, the charm, the unflinching purpose of woman it is that picture of Margaret Sanger talking to those hard-boiled young men. If I had seen Joan of Arc leading her armies, I don't think I should have known more about what the female soul in battle is like. And finally those young men, or the better part of them, felt in her something more than an eloquent woman, they felt the spirit of a crusade. They rose to their feet at last and cheered her.

The papers carried the story on the front page. But Margaret Sanger was not satisfied. She wanted to reach more people with her own voice. The City Club men were, after all, only the gilded fish in the municipal bowl. She wanted to get at the mothers face to face.

We had already arranged for the rental of a large hall. But when the papers spread the story of her speech, pressure was bought to bear on the owner of the hall. The ministers of all the gospels besieged the newspaper offices by telephone and in person. At night-fall not only that hall, but another one, on the outskirts of the city, had been refused us. We were just in time to get the announcement printed that Margaret Sanger's public lecture was postponed until the next day, but would take place if she had to talk in the park.

All that night we worked in Margaret Sanger's suite, getting out letters and pamphlets, and trying to round up loyal influence. We snatched a little sleep on couches in the sitting room. Next morning we found a man who knew his own mind. He was the owner of an old theatre down town, a theatre, I believe, that had been devoted to burlesque. He said he didn't care what we talked about, if we paid him we could talk in his theatre, and he himself would help us keep the police out. A woman had a right to talk, didn't she, if she could pay for a theatre?

And the public meeting was a huge success, a more valuable success than that at the City Club.

The same Margaret Sanger of those days is not advocating unsound methods of wholesale segregation and government-owned slave-labor to solve the problems of a tottering social system.

These measures smack of Mussolini's autocratic ordering of men in the mass. When Margaret Sanger wanted to lecture in Italy a few years ago, the bars were instantly put up against her. She could not preach birth control in that country where marriage is eternal, women are factories of flesh, and childlessness is almost a crime.

THE CARMELITE
J. A. COUGHLIN, *Editor and Publisher*
GLORIA STUART, *Associate Editor*
PRESTON SHOBE, *Business Manager*

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The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

from page one

The late Senator Morrow, many years a Morgan partner, said that our present economic plight was largely caused by greed, and an unfair distribution of income. Those with much wanted more and devised the right setup, governmental and financial, to get it. The banks told us to save at four or five per cent. and gambled with our money in Wall street, at fifteen or twenty per cent. Thousands of banks have failed, stolen our money. And now the papers tell us that if we will buy Wall street stocks, fatten brokers, we will recover, have employment. What lying nonsense! Russia has employment for everybody, and not a share of stock; no gambling. Wall street is a house of prostitution for American ideals, a pirate ship for the plain people's robbery.

The huge Biltmore hotel above Pasadena, costing a million and a quarter, furnished magnificently, is sold to Dominican nuns for a school. In Southern California, grand hotels fail. Where was boom, is gloom, and vacant room; the quiet of tomb, realtor's doom; but in Hollywood is moom—(pitchers).

New Navy officers are urged to be drummers abroad for American goods by the Navy chief. The Prince of Wales set the style in South America.

When automobiles begin to sell well again prices will be for local delivery. The *f.o.b.* factory has not been *satis*-factory. It has permitted jugglery, confusion, and disappointment between the advertised price, and actual charge. The local agent has no blame in the matter, but suffers by the fact. Suppose you bought mattresses f.o.b. factory!

Ten years ago, "Hop in Noble!" was on thousands of windshields of California autos. The Shriners' annual convention was here. In a few months the sign will again be pasted lovingly on Lizzie and her richer sisters. The Shrine meets again in San Francisco. Too many hops in the nobles will provoke the drys, as with the Legion in Detroit.

Two years ago, twenty thousand musicians were in movie theatres; now but ten thousand. The squawkies roll their own music.

Novels about life in hotels are out in four languages. The hotel has succeeded the war as an exciting subject. It seems that in every room in a fearful tragedy. A new hotel in New York has nearly three thousand rooms. At least, a hundred novelists could find work there. I never find anything but dull furniture suspicious of the last occupant, hair, etc., and the unconscionable bill, as in Carmel, where I paid eight dollars a night for a viewless, alley room, without food.

In San Francisco, several new bootleggations serve delicious dinners for seventy-five cents, with good white wine, extra. Quiet family places, where ma and pa go for an evening and the preacher takes his drinks upstairs. You meet the city fathers, the judiciary, and the university professors all united by the love of good food and wine.

Mexico's president says: "Capital investments that do not benefit the masses must fall before our social offensive." In America, coal mines would fall, and also moonshining.

"Some fifteen million of unemployed are being supported by their fellowmen, feeding on the financial and economic reserves of the industrial countries. . . Never was the incapacity of the economic leaders of the capitalist world so glaringly demonstrated as today . . A capitalism which cannot feed the workers of the world has no right to exist. The guilt of the capitalist system lies in its alliance with the violent policies of imperialism and militarism. . . The ruling classes of the world today have as completely failed in political leadership as in economic."

What Socialist, Communist, or Bolshevik wrote this slanderous attack on capitalism? 'Twas none of these. It's from the pen of Herr Hjalmar Schacht, financier, economist, and president of the Young Plan negotiations.

About the time that Britain's power in India was at its apex, a historian drew an amusing word picture of a distant future, when a New Zealand Moari would squat on the ruins of London, and wonder about the past. He will not be a Maori. The Maori has been too effectively civilized. More likely, he will be a Russki, an Afghan, a Mongol, or an African. But, it will be. Do you glance at the Histomap? It must make national, imperial blood turn to glue.

The pedestrian is a common victim of autos. It was so in Roman times when charioteers bowled to death many *en route* to Pompeii and the night clubs.

The radio has raised public musical taste considerably. Amos and Andy, though, please a vast multitude.

Argentina protests against the squawkies of Hollywood in Castillian Spanish, Madrid accent. Latin America demands South American Spanish. Castillian to Mexican or South American Spanish is as Bostonese to Chicagoese. It's too highfalutin.

Eli Faure, eminent French art critic, and philosopher, said in California that the Parthenon was merely an enlarged Greek residence of its date; that America is securely founded in the beginning of native art; that California has every prospect of distinction in art, and that out of Mexico will come the basis and urge for American art. Carmel should lead the California way, but it must cease seeking to be a Pebble or Pismo Beach. Just now it is hovering betwixt and between.

Bernard Shaw, Irish communist, says "We know from history that very many civilizations have existed, but failed and degenerated at the point at which Western civilization has now reached. Lenin originated a new method and got round this corner. If others follow the methods of Lenin we shall have a new era in modern history whereof we now have not even a conception. If the future is with Lenin we can all smile, if the world follows the old path the future will be a melancholy one."

U. S. Judge Bourquin says: "Great packers ship carloads of rotten foods, defraud thousands, poison them, and may be fined two hundred dollars; the seller of a single glass of wine, non-poisonous, may be fined ten thousand, imprisoned five years" Fie on you, Judge! Decrying Herb's ignoble expedient.

Two die daily by autos in Los Angeles county. It is considered *de rigor—mortis.*

In all parts of the world are mosquitos. Earth was not made for man but for insects. The sooner you learn this, the better you understand people.

SHANGHAI

HIGHLIGHTS AND SIDELIGHTS

I number myself among the group of "foreigners"—not an overly large group—who have lived in the Far East long enough to know that they don't know anything about it. I therefore have not the slightest hesitation in writing an authoritative article on what it's all about.—J. C.

by J. A. COUGHLIN

Peace-time Shanghai is Wilson's envisioned world in microcosm. It is the League of Nations in practice—a workable and working international coalition. If and when that is understood, the situation precipitated by Japan's aggressiveness takes on added—and ominous—significance.

The deliberate choice of Shanghai as a scene of action is a direct affront to the nations of the world. That sounds ponderous, but it is true.

Attack Hongkong—and it is a purely British affair; fire on Manila and only American guns will reply; strike at Singapore or Batavia and the defense is a matter for a single country. But in attacking Shanghai, in violating the integrity of the International Settlement, Japan is thumbing its nose at the whole company of nations.

This is due to the unique constitution of Shanghai—its authentically international character. In briefest outline, it is governed by a elective Council with a fixed ratio of national representation. Its territorial preservation is guaranteed by no less than thirty nations.

* * *

The most serious development so far, in my opinion, is one that could be easily overlooked in the news: the Japanese occupation of Hongkew, an integral part of the International Settlement (as for example, "the Mission" in San Francisco). Reports have it that Japanese have taken over complete control. Of no great consequence *per se*, it is nevertheless an outright invasive act, and raises the question: Just how far is Japan prepared to go? The difference now between war— the real thing—and a local incident is a matter of linear feet. The Shanghai authorities probably are blinking at the occupancy of Hongkew, because it is the principal Japanese residential quarter. But it is only a stone's throw from Hongkew to the commercial center of the settlement. An armed Japanese patrol attempting to go fifty yards beyond the present lines of demarcation might set off the Shanghai powder-keg, another Sarajevo.

Shanghai's saving grace—its cosmopolitan structure—is also its greatest hindrance in an emergency such as it now faces. Seemingly responsible to no country, the administration of the settlement is actually responsible to all countries. The final local authority rests with the Court of Consuls. Any country sending an accredited consular representative to Shanghai has a voice in the conduct of affairs. The system works, but slowly, ponderously, with the hindering red-tape of a single government multiplied many-fold. It is worse than useless in an emergency; there are too many interests to be considered.

Unfettered by diplomatic apron-strings, the Shanghai police force—a most exceptional body—and the Shanghai Volunteer Corps could between them cope with any situation likely to arise—and they prevent many situations from arising. In the present melee there is no precedent; valuable time is lost by the Consular body in cabling for instructions from uninformed capitals and what might have been an affair of a day becomes the news of the year.

* * *

One guess is as good as another about the Manchurian expedition, prelude to Shanghai. The weight of evidence appears to favor the conclusion that Japan went into Manchuria with tacit, if not direct, consent of the so-called Powers. Various reasons might have dictated such consent. Indifference principally. Even the Chinese themselves, aside from their commercial stake, have never been able to get greatly excited about Manchuria. Ethnically it is no more a part of China than Alaska is of the United States. But that's aside. Japan is in Manchuria and unless forced to evacuate as a penalty for aggressiveness in the Shanghai area, Japan will hold Manchuria as she has held Korea. It has been an open secret since the first American loan to build the South Manchurian Railway that Japan would take the country when it got ready. Usually that has been accepted as a foregone conclusion in the East, but Shanghai is a new angle.

Heady as they may be from their uncontested "victories" in Manchuria—the Japanese are hardly fools enough to believe that they can take Shanghai—or that they would be allowed to keep it for long if by some fluke it did fall into their hands. Yet they have gone out of their way to ask for trouble. If they had merely wanted to engage Chinese troops they could have found plenty of them in the Yangtze valley; if they had wanted to show their prowess with aerial bombs and field pieces they could have selected Nanking, with no overlapping international complications.

* * *

The Shanghai that now ranks among the first five ports of the world had its beginnings about eighty years ago. Merchants who followed in the wake of the tea trade were denied permission to reside within the then-walled city; they were told—as a joke, the records have it—that they might build for themselves in an adjacent swamp. Those trail-blazers of commerce took their joke of a swamp and made it into a city, now the envy of all China. The once haughty, original city—no longer walled—has lapsed into somnolent decadence; the Chinese themselves in their ceaseless internecine wars do not consider it worth fighting over.

Chapei, prominent in the news, is the Chinese overflow of the International Settlement. It is, in large part, a mushroom suburb of jerry-built firetraps and beggars' hovels; pestilential in summer, huddled misery in winter, and a constant indictment of Chinese maladministration. It is also the Belgium of the Shanghai area. Chapei has been fought over so often, ravished so chronically by conquering but soon retreating hordes from the hinterland that one more spoilation can make little difference. But always it has been the Chinese who have destroyed their own.

Never before has the International Settlement been invaded by a non-Chinese. force. In its fledgling days Shanghai had to fend off the Taiping rebellion; the Boxer uprising touched it, remotely; the Revolution flurried around it, and since 1924 it has felt the repercussions of civil war with monotonous regularity. British, French, American and other armed forces have landed for protective purposes, but not until now has the settlement been technically and actually invaded by foreign troops.

The coming week should tell the story.

SNOW ON SANTA LUCIA

In a wide spread grey blue gown
And upon her head a crown
Of puffs and curls all powdered white
    Costumed for the night
    As a stately dame
    Of Colonial fame
With dignity she stands, gravely looking down
    While the waves at her feet
    Advance and retreat

As to a minuet—a formal tune.
But not for long the masquerade
Gone the dress and manner staid
With flowers all o'er a gown of green
    With sunshine in her face
    She stands in easy grace
Smiling on the silvery sheen
    Of the rippling sea
    Now dancing merrily
To a happy laughing tune.

—SINNIE ALZADA MURPHY

FRANK SHERIDAN
ON "THE GLORY OF WAR"

War is a cleansing angel,
War is a beautiful thing.

The above lines were written by Caesar Cui, a Russian, a General in the army of the late Czar, a musician of more than ordinary merit, his "Oriental" being in the front of excellency. The musical setting of war is as powerful and exciting as the verse from which the lines at the head of this article were taken. The English version was written by J. J. Joffe. Sophie Braslau, a great artiste, was first to sing this song in this country. She gave it to me to publish. I did.

I was as enthused over the artistry of the number as she—I was blinded to the unconscious propaganda of General Cui.

"There will not be another war for twenty years," said General Sir Frederick Mauice at the Round Table, that famous annual international conference at Williams College, Massachusetts.

Not long to wait for anyone save the professional soldier; for him, it's an eternity.

Another participant at the Round Table predicts that, "by 1960 agricultural conditions will have reached such a pass that nations, in their scramble for food and markets, will find another universal blood-letting the only solution for the problem."

What have you fathers and mothers to say about it?

What have you wives, and mothers-to-be to say about it?

Nothing, absolutely nothing. It is all in the hands of the man you send to Washington to serve you,—your servant, who pays little or no attention to your wishes or needs; who does and votes as his party or his financial master wants him to do. A public utility concern, a railroad, a steamship company, or an industrial corporation tell him what his duties are.

But do you ever give a thought to the future as you look at that bundle of love lying in the cradle? Why, of course you do. You see him growing from the toddler to the boy who comes in dirty and hungry, full of enthusiasm over the ball-game and his "home-run with Red and Skinny on the bases." You look at him with bursting pride as he gets his diploma when he leaves his school days behind him. Oh! how you and your mate plan for his success in life. How careful you are to instill in him the right and wrongs of things. What a thrill there is when you find him before you, eyes fastened upon the floor, confessing when you ask him, about some dreadful deed that he committed, such as stealing some of mother's candy, or punching the boy next door just for the joy of fighting—the thrill that comes of knowing that your boy can't lie to you. Don't you love to dream of the day he marries a sweet, dear girl—and of the joy which comes when you hold you son's first baby—your grandchild—in your arms? It is the tenderest, heavenliest thought in the human life—planning your baby's future.

But in your dreams don't forget to look over your mental shoulder. Back of you are three dread shapes—always there—you can't get rid of them, spectres at your feast of love—the Banker, the Politician, the Professional Soldier, the arrogant acolytes who serve at the altar of the great god TRADE. The first wants money, money, and more money for the power it gives him; the second wants power and more power for the prestige it gives him; the third wants prestige for the caress it gives his ego; and between the three, your boy is caught, taken away, made into a part of a machine to do a certain amount of work. When an accident happens to the machine it is scrapped, thrown into the rubbish heap, and forgotten; the boy that bloomed in your heart wasn't a flower to those who made use of him for their own ends, he was but a cog in a horrible engine that they used to kill other men and women with.

You fathers thought your boy would bear your name along in a life of honor; laugh you damn fool, laugh long and loud, it may ease the pain in your heart some day. A name for your boy! —why, he wasn't even worth a name to them; he was only a number. "*He died on the field of battle facing the enemies of his country,*" says the form letter sent out by the warriors who sit at a desk. He may have rolled in agony for a few hours as the gas ate his lungs away. But what matters that, "*He died for his country,*" his country's rulers ordered printed. Perhaps a shell scattered his body here and there; but "*He died for his country,*" you read. Maybe in a slimy stinking trench he became another of the putrid heroes who "*Die for their country.*" Or on a hospital cot with a last hunger for his mother's kiss, for a father's handclasp, your baby passes out.

But your boy is sent home to you—the "Patriots" who rule you are not altogether heartless—they send your child back to you—that is, they send back to you what they knew him to be—A LITTLE BRASS TAG.

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ELLA WINTER'S LECTURE ON DISARMAMENT

by MYRTOKLEIA CHILDE

Tuesday evening in the auditorium of the Sunset Shool, Eila Winter spoke to a mass meeting on the subject of "Disarmament." Purposely avoiding any emotional appeal, her lecture was given in an impersonal and logical address. Once only was her audience moved to applause during her talk and that came at the postscript to her speech when the meeting was open for questions. She was asked: "What is your feeling for the innocent women and children such as now are in danger in China?" And her reply that the term innocent women and children had been much played upon emotionally, ending with "My feeling about innocent women and children is the same as my feeling for young men sent to war," caused the audience to burst into applause.

Miss Winter began her talk by saying that when she was asked to talk on Disarmament for an hour she had replied: What if war is declared while I am speaking?" "There have been," she began, "many expressions of cynicism lately in the papers. It is unimportant whether or not war has been declared in the Far East. Fighting has been going on for four months. Since it is going on, it seems important that we should realize the fact. All that nations do is to say they are not at war. Those who make the laws get away with more due to this state of mind."

"There are sixty-four nations meeting in Geneva for a disarmament conference." Here she quoted some figures published by the Foreign Policy Association. 'The seven leading countries of the world spent two billion dollars for war purposes in 1913. In 1930 this figure had risen to three billion dollars. This is an increase of thirty-seven per cent. If we leave out Germany, whose official national expenditure for defence purposes decreased, we find that the armament expenditure of the six greatest powers has increased by the staggering amount of sixty-five per cent since 1913. Japan alone increased her expenditure one hundred forty-two per cent. and the United States one hundred ninty-seven per cent.' This hardly looks like disarmament. And it might be added that every new state created since the war has imitated the old ones and adopted conscription. Enough money is spent to help all the unemployed all over the world. There

continued on page eleven

CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION: ANNUAL EXHIBIT

Oil paintings and water colors, bronzes, sculptures and plaques, the work of artists and sculptors of Carmel and the Peninsula, are now on view at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. Some thirty names, well-known locally, comprise the lot of exhibitors at the Annual Exhibit of the Carmel Art Association.

Among the paintings, the oils outnumber the water-colors; in both mediums there is fine, finished work. The prevalence of local scenes and subjects affords interesting contrast between the conception, execution and technique of the various artists. Thus, the "Santa Lucia Mountains" of Judge Bardin and "Hillside in Spring" of Arthur Hill Gilbert are each expressive of different methods of approach in painting the rolling, low green hills. The forest pictures—"Carmel Woods" of Charlotte E. Morgan—"Redwoods" of L. M. de Joiner, and "Redwoods" of Ferdinand Haasis—"Old Pines in Monterey" of Oscar Larsen, are similar in title and subject, but very different in result.

The rocky coast of Point Lobos, the wind-blown cypresses of the shore, the plunging surf, the deserted beach, and the fishing boats quietly at rest in the harbor—all these familiar scenes have served as inspiration. Edith Macguire, Edith Heron, Armin Hansen, Catherine Seideneck and George Seideneck are among those who have painted marine pictures and seascapes.

The still life studies, portraits and imaginative pictures, though fewer in number, include some striking work. "The Old Philosopher" of George Seideneck, "Little Sister" of Edda Maxwell Heath and "Peace" by E. J. Bradley particularly hold the attention.

The work of Austin James is represented by a bust in bronze of Professor Milliken—a fine study. There are some plaques and bas-reliefs of heads and profiles.

The pictures have been carefully arranged and hung with due consideration for lighting. The exhibition will remain open to the public until February thirteenth.

—M. D. H.

Del Monte Cat and Dog Hospital

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CARMEL EXHIBITORS AT NEW STOCKTON GALLERY

William Ritschel and Johan Hagemeyer are exhibiting this month in California's newest art center—the Louis Terah Haggins, Memorial Galleries, Stockton. Mr. Ritschel has there a group of a dozen of his large canvases, a show which has brought enthusiastic comment from the press and visitors. Johan Hagemeyer is displaying two score prints—portraits and still life—of the type which has brought him wide recognition.

Of these exhibitions Harry Noyes Pratt, director of the galleries, writes: "We, have been happy to have had since the opening of the Haggins Galleries in September, a continual showing of the work of California artists. Eila Haggin McKee of New York, one of the finest small collections of paintings in the country, including splendid examples of such painters as Gerome, Vibert, Rosa Bonheur, Constant, Inness, Ridgeway Knight, and others of the period. We devote a portion of our space however, to the loan exhibitions of contemporary painters, with special emphasis upon the work of Californians. That so eminent an artist as Ritschel is showing here is most gratifying, and the public is responding eagerly.

"Hagemeyer's work in photography is outstanding. It is fine art, and is appreciated as such by the public. It is fresh, modern; and yet seldom beyond the comprehension of the layman. His showing brings many out-of-town visitors to the galleries. Attendance since the opening of the building to the public has been remarkable for so small a community. In eighteen weeks more than sixteen thousand visitors have been recorded."

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CARMEL'S EXPERIMENTS

(The heading is the correspondent's).

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

Experiments may be "noble," but there is no denying the fact of their sumptuosity.

After a candidate for councilman is elected they are under the impression the voters made them a gift of the village and threw in its treasure box for good measure.

Then come the experiments, and relatives and friends seek soft "mahogany jobs," and exploitation runs emeute.

At the present time Carmel is on the verge of staggering under the load of another experiment.

Committees have been organized to devise ways and means as to how it can be successfully (?) accomplished and also map a short cut to the village payroll.

There is a committee for nearly everything in Carmel; any new project arising, a committee is immediately formed to supervise it.

Some people take a special delight in getting on committees; they crave the spotlight of publicity. But when they discover the fact that someone has made marionettes of them, they break the strings and "fly the coop."

This wigwagging of the streets comes at a time when money is scarce and taxes are high.

Carmel property owners are now paying the highest rate since its incorporation. City and county taxes combined amount to five dollars nineteen cents on the hundred dollars assessed valuation and a fraction over on the county tax for sanitary purposes of seventy-four cents. Next Fall will be added to the tax bill, the new school house bond tax, and a possibility of this idiotic street wiggling expense.

There will be no telling what the tax rate will be.

A village accountant states the increased tax on property for this contemplated so-called street improvement will mulct property owners four per cent. on their holdings.

The Board of Council, it appears, have dropped the reins of municipal governance and the Committee of Seven are now at the wheel with the Advisory Board on the side. Connivance somewhere.

The idea to make the streets do a "hula hula," was not born of the Council; it was an outside job, the Council fell for it. Why?

The Advisory Board and the Committee of Seven held several "gabfests" lately, but other than praise their scheme, they were very mum as to who are *really* the beneficiaries of this questionable street improvement.

The Committee of Seven's selecting of the two engineers (?)—embryonic tapeline stretchers and transit squinters—is an alleged act of benevolence.

If Lee and George will hire an indagator or consult the City Clerk mayhaps, the lady might find among the city archives some data relative to the "stepping down of the storm-water" solution. A few years ago a Carmel administration employed Mr. Grunsky, a very capable and high-salaried civil engineer of the United States Government. A scheme was under way at the time to sewerize all that section of Carmel south of Ocean avenue and west of Mission street. Mr. Grunsky was to give advice in what would be the best procedure toward the construction of a sewer system.

A detailed map of the district to be sewered, an estimate of the possible cost of construction, and advice on the matter was given in a report submitted to the Board of Trustees by Mr. Grunsky, who was paid the sum of six hundred dollars. No use was made of the report; it was filed away.

Not making use of the Grunsky report was so much money wasted.

Another experiment, on which a wilful waste of money was spent, and proved the zenith of absurdity, was the employing of Mr. Cheney.

He was given one thousand dollars to instruct the Board of Trustees, *viz*:—(Mr. Jordan, Mr. Wood, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Foster and Mr. Larouette)— how to widen San Carlos street to one hundred feet without encroaching on that ridiculous twelve-foot sidewalk with its misfitting curbs. Possibly the width is to give standing room for gapers at parades.

Mr. Cheney also had in view the spreading of Carmelo street to a width of eighty-four feet, to give Pebble Beach residents a "hurry-up-get-away" to the Carmel-San Simeon highway. As usual, nothing ever came of it; reason, an indignation meeting by the property owners blocked it.

Mr. Cheney was in, and the City of Carmel was out the thousand dollars.

Then came the Tree Experimnt.

A "bugologist" received five hundred dollars to paint white rings around trees he suspicioned were housing pine-chaffers. Another case of the city's money gone "bugs." Consent was given by the tree "sobbies" to cut down a few of the ringed trees; the wormlings are still banqueting on the remaining ones.

The somnolent taxpayers of Carmel have no idea the amount of money disbursed for experiments.

There are other experiments to be told of, but space will not permit this time. Bona fide improvements are rare when done by "Special Interests." —R. H. D.

* * *

"TRADE AT HOME"

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

Much is being said and written nowadays favoring "Home Markets," *i.e.* buying at home, and it has been my observation that Carmel citizens, many of them, need a little reminding. A trip to Pacific Grove and Monterey discovers many Carmelites (even including local business men and women) patronising stores at practically no saving over Carmel prices.

Going into it deeper, the recent remodelling of our post office was handed to an outside contractor, without calling for other bids and unless I am wrongly informed, not one dollar went to a Carmel carpenter, painter, workman or material man.

The addition now being added in rear of post office is under the same condition. The fact that the contractor is a relative of our Postmaster can, of course, have nothing to do with it.

I have nothing for sale and am not a mechanic, but I realize that unless money spent by Carmel residents is spent in Caremel, we must wait a long time for better conditions. Let's hear from our new Business Men's Association. RALPH WEIR

***Totally unfounded is the innuendo in the foregoing letter as it pertains to the post office alterations. T. W. Morgan, owner of the premises, issued a public call for bids (published in The Carmelite) although not required to do so, as the work was to be performed as a private contract. The Post Office Department stipulated certain alterations and additions to be made as a condition precedent to renewal of the lease, but the Government had no direct connection with carrying out the work. In particular, Postmaster Overstreet had no influence whatever, nor did he attempt to exert any, in the selection of the contractor. The job was awarded by the property owner, Mr. Morgan, solely on a price basis. The Union Supply Company received the principal contract. It is hardly suggested that the Union Supply Company is related to Mr. Overstreet.—ED.)

DISARMAMENT *from page nine*

have been a hundred and thirteen conferences since 1818. After all of these various conferences and the disarmament conference the nations have piled up more arms."

"From past experience we have learned that war has its roots in economic conditions. If we are to be serious and scientific about abolishing war we cannot ignore this basic fact. What are the economic factors leading to war? First of all there is the necessity, under our present system of economic organization for finance to find new fields of investment. There is the need for over-populated areas to find places for the surplus population. Markets are needed for the surplus products of home industry. If the purchasing power of the home markets could keep pace with the output of the industries in their own countries, there might not be this continual pressure to find new outlets abroad. As it is, the need for markets leads to the necessity for political protection where trade is carried on, to countries staking out 'spheres of influence' and protectorates. Sooner or later this economic expansion collides with similar needs of other countries. Then the vicious circle begins—competition, envy, reprisals, secret treaties, and then the calling out of warships and the army. Tariffs beget tariffs, creating feeling against other countries that lead to war. In fact a feeling is being launched in England today against articles of foreign make that reminds one of the feeling against the enemy in war time." Here she quoted from "Time" of January twenty-fifth. "Last week the Senate Finance Committee dug deeper into the kind of foreign financing United States bankers do not discuss in detail on the front pages of the Press. . . Hiram Johnson tried to prove that the State Department had been the partner of bankers in foreign fields." Twenty million dollars was loaned to Columbia with the stipulation that Columbia give back oil concessions to this country for the Mellon family, for protection. We think we should go to war if our nationals are attacked in foreign countries. If we want disamament we should say: 'Under no circumstances should we go to war!' "

At the conclusion of the lecture the speaker answered a number of questions, chiefly on various angles of the Russian situation as she observed it on her recent trip.

* * *

Principal J. R. McKillop of Monterey high school presided.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE

by ALBERT LEON VAN HOUTTE

Wednesday morning had written "finis" to the last one of the Indian tribes of the El Carmelo Valley. Jose Maria Bernabel, known among the tribe of his day and the later progeny of that tribe as "El Sordo" passed away at the approximate age of over a century in his dingy cove-like shack in Carmel.

California has lost one of its most colorful characters in Jose Maria Bernabel. He was born in the small pueblo about the Old Mission of San Antonio and was brought with several other Indians to the El Carmelo Valley. There he was taught how to till the soil and ride the range.

Mr. Hitchcock one of our outstanding pioneers still living in Carmel had gone to the old El Carmelo School near Meadows ranch in the valley with "El Sordo." They had played together and worked about the ranchos together. For years he had worked on the Sargent ranch and in later years on the Hatton ranch until he became physically unable.

"El Sordo" as he was known because of his deafness and inability to speak had been the most colorful historical figures in and around Carmel since its beginning. A friend to all and all a friend to him. He had conveyed his wants in such an understanding sign-language that even small boys were able to undertand him.

A real historical figure—had seen the Mexican regime draw to a close and the beginnings of the Bear Republic. A child of the pueblo days in young California and the last of his tribe. *Adios* El Sordo, *que vaya muy bien.*

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

Leon Vallas, biographer of Debussy, will lecture in French at a special meeting of the Alliance Francaise on February sixth, at three o'clock at Mrs. Ettlinger's Highlands studio. M. Vallas is the author of three books devoted to Debussy.

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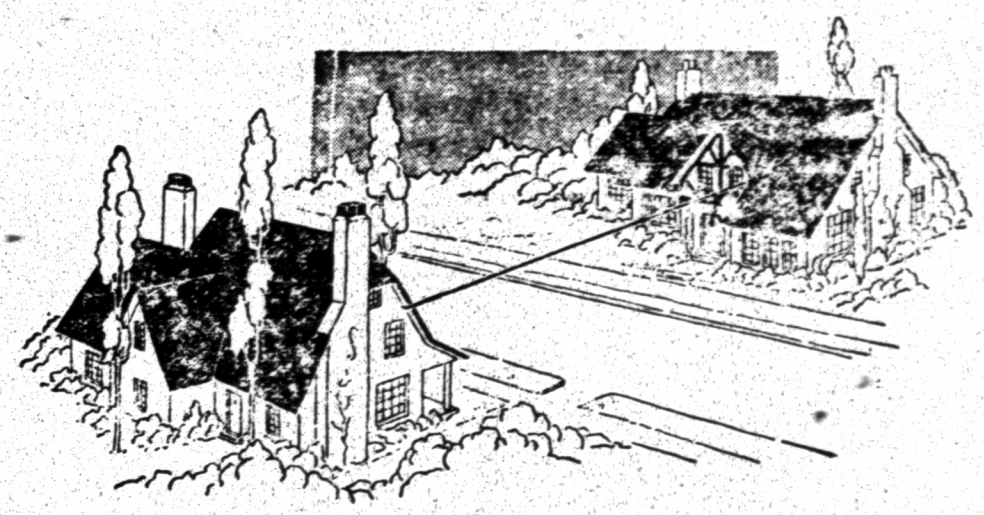

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